

# ORLEANS COUNTY MONITOR.

VOL. 1.

BARTON, VERMONT, MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1872.

NO. 37.

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

A. D. MASSEY,  
Practical Mason,  
Covington, Vermont.

J. F. WRIGHT,  
Physician and Surgeon. Office over Grandy, Skinner  
& Parker's store.  
Rout 1, Barton, Vermont.

DR. G. A. REMIS,  
OMNIPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
Covington, Vermont.

DR. PARKHURST,  
ASHURB, will be at R. W. Langworthy's Hotel  
in Covington, Friday of each week, from 2 to 5 P.  
Agent for Waterbury, N. S. Trust. Kept con-  
sulting on hand.

W. B. CRITCHETT,  
PAINTER & GLAZIER. Graining, Whitewashing  
and Paper Hanging done in the best style and  
guaranteed. Orders solicited.  
East Albany, Vt.

L. R. WOOD, JR.,  
NANCY PAINTER. Particular attention paid to Pa-  
per Hanging, Graining, and all other work in  
the best style and guaranteed. Orders solicited.  
Barton, Vermont.

J. J. HILL,  
SUCCESSOR TO F. P. CHENEY, will continue to  
sell a Large Variety of Sewing and Knitting Ma-  
chines. Orders solicited. Barton, Vt.

CUTLER & GOSN,  
MANUFACTURERS OF Carriages and Sleighs,  
Greenboro, Vt.

MISS A. J. CUTLER,  
ILLUSTRATED MARKING AND PATTERNS MADE  
Barton, Vt.

E. G. STEVENS,  
UROLOGIST  
Barton Landing, Vt.

M. J. SMITH,  
PROPRIETOR of the Orleans County Marble Works  
Foreign and American Marble, Gravestones,  
Tombstones, &c.  
Barton, Vermont.

J. N. WEBSTER,  
FIRE INSURANCE AGENT,  
Barton, Vermont.

J. N. WEBSTER,  
PHOTOGRAPHER. Dealer in Stereoscopes, Views,  
oval, square, and rustic frames of all kinds.  
Barton, Vermont.

FRED H. MORSE,  
PAINTER. Graining, Glazing, Graining, White-  
washing and Paper Hanging. All work done in  
the best style and guaranteed. Orders solicited.  
Barton, Vermont.

DALE & ROBINSON,  
TOWNSEND & CONSUMERS A. L. Barton, Ver-  
mont. J. N. WEBSTER.

J. L. WOODMAN,  
DEALER IN SHOES, SHOES, and findings of the  
best kind and quality. Offered cheap for cash.  
See over A. J. L. Twombly's.

MRS. GEO. C. DAVIS,  
DENT AND VEST MAKER,  
Barton, Vermont.

A. J. L. TWOMBLY,  
WHOLESALE and Retail Dealer in Flour, Corn,  
Potatoes, and other provisions. Also, Hardware,  
and all other goods. See over A. J. L. Twombly's.

A. C. ROBINSON,  
WHOLESALE dealer in Flour, Grain, W. L. Goods,  
Groceries, Lard, Plaster, Oil, Fish, Salt, Iron,  
and all other goods. See over A. J. L. Twombly's.

W. H. GROUPE,  
TOWNSEND and Counselor at Law and Claims Agent.  
Will attend to all cases in Orleans and Caledonia  
counties. Barton, Vt.

W. W. EATON,  
ATTORNEY AT LAW and Solicitor in Chancery.  
Will attend to all cases in Orleans and Caledonia  
counties. Barton, Vt.

J. M. CURRAN,  
BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER,  
Barton, Vermont.

MARTIN ABBOTT,  
WHEELWRIGHT, Carriage Maker and General  
Job Worker. Open and Top Buggies, and all  
other styles of carriages always on hand. Glover, Vt.

J. E. DWINELL,  
MANUFACTURER and dealer in Furniture of all  
kinds and descriptions. Carpets, Room Paper,  
Paints and all other goods. See over A. J. L. Twombly's.

NEW GOODS!  
The subscriber has just opened a fresh lot of  
MILLINERY  
AND  
Fancy Goods.

Doing all the latest styles from New York and Bos-  
ton; such as, Neapolitan, Straw, Silk, Cane,  
and all other styles. Also, Ribbons, Laces, Edgings,  
and all other goods. See over A. J. L. Twombly's.

DRESS MAKING  
done at our rooms by  
EXPERIENCED WORKMEN.  
Have made arrangements to receive goods from New  
York and Boston  
EVERY WEEK  
and can give our customers  
THE LATEST STYLES

LOWEST MARKET PRICES.  
Having the public for their past favors, I hope to  
give you a share of my future patronage.  
Barton, Vt., May 6th, 1872. MRS. N. M. JEWELL.

Blacksmithing  
done at our rooms by  
EXPERIENCED WORKMEN.  
Have made arrangements to receive goods from New  
York and Boston  
EVERY WEEK  
and can give our customers  
THE LATEST STYLES

WEST GLOVER.  
The subscriber takes this method to inform the citizens  
of West Glover, and vicinity, that he has taken the Shop  
and West Glover, where he is ready to do all kinds  
of work.

CUSTOM WORK.  
with Promptness, Thoroughness and at low prices.  
J. G. MAITIN,  
West Glover, May 10, 1872.

OLD PICTURES COPIED  
at the lowest possible price.

Do Not be Humbugged  
by sending your old pictures away with strangers who  
promise that they will do nothing less than any one  
else, as I will do to you.

20 PER CENT. LESS  
for the same quality of work than any such parties.  
J. G. MAITIN, N. WESTBURY.

## THE MODERN MUS.

"I wish to hear a song to-night."  
Said grandma, with a smile,  
"Will not my daughter sing for me,  
And thus the time beguile?"

"Sing! without accomplishment?  
Why, mother, how should I?  
The very idea makes me feel  
Like sinking to the ground."

The patient mother smiled again,  
And to a grandchild near  
Said, "Let me hear your pretty voice,  
Will you not sing me a ditty?"

"Oh! my guitar is out of tune,  
I cannot mend the string;  
And my teacher says without it  
I should never try to sing."

"Ah me! Come, Ned, can you not sing?  
I've sung you oft to sleep,  
Not very many years ago,  
With ditties like the following—

"Yes, I will sing if Belle will play,"  
The little fellow said—  
But sister was not in the mood,  
And hurried him to bed.

Then grandma thought upon a time  
When people used to sing,  
And not depend for music  
Upon a key or string.

Iowa has 3 lady notaries public.  
Brigham Young keeps a short-hand  
writer.

White Feather, the Indian orator is a  
college graduate.

Highwaymen still make traveling dan-  
gerous in California.

Two bold "highwaywomen" have just  
been arrested in New York.

There is to be an assemblage of crown-  
ed heads at Berlin this month.

Sausage is plenty in Memphis, Tenn.,  
and as a consequence dogs are scarce.

There is a subterranean lake near  
Summit, Mich., with eyeless fish in it.

The most mischievous liars are those  
who keep just on the verge of truth.

A Georgia negro jumped from an ex-  
press train to recover a lost hat. The  
hat is all right.

The ex-press Chaplain, poor, broken-  
hearted victim of Maximilian, is ap-  
proaching dissolution.

The wheat yield of Maury and Lewis  
counties, Tennessee, average 80 and 90  
bushels to the acre.

Ex-President Johnson has announced  
himself an independent candidate for  
Congressman at large.

People are rushing home from the  
summer resorts and the baggage-smash-  
ers are never so happy as now.

French and English physicians almost  
universally prescribe a free use of lemon  
juice to effect a cure for the rheumatism.

Utah has had another earthquake.  
The frequency of these visits is begin-  
ning to remind the citizens of their lat-  
ter end.

A Mississippi farm is so mellow that  
the proprietor has his corn with a dipper  
and digs his potatoes with a hook  
and line.

A Chicago bridegroom is reported to  
have worn a diamond pin in his shirt  
bosom, and a sardonyx smile on his  
brow.

A wife wrote to her husband in Cali-  
fornia, that the longer he stayed away  
the better she liked him. Rather equivocal,  
that.

According to Humboldt in the thir-  
teenth century the habit of eating hu-  
man flesh pervaded all classes of society.  
Good old times, those.

Horse flies, buffalo gnats, and mosqui-  
toes are the scourge of the river towns  
down in Tennessee. They are often mis-  
taken for crows and wild turkeys.

The Dover, (Tenn.) Record says that  
corn is so plenty in that section that the  
farmers will have no room to store it,  
without shedding their corn fields.

Child-stealing has been introduced in-  
to New York to vary the list of atrocities  
indulged in by the villains of that  
vast and benighted city.

Eighty odd years ago the winter was  
a fearful cold one at Natick, Mass., and  
the people paid fifty dollars a cord for  
wood; so says the chronicles.

"In the whole compass of George El-  
liott's writings," says the Spectator, "we  
can scarcely recall a description of one  
happy scene, and not one happy story of  
life."

In a paragraph on vacations the Chris-  
tian Union says: "It strikes us that so-  
ciety is so arranged that the American  
young lady has a pretty easy time of it,  
compared with her brother."

Chicago housekeepers are on the war-  
path. Telegraph dispatches are flying  
to San Francisco, and their burden is:  
"Buck up, take, send us some Chinese  
domestics."

The ovation to General McClellan in  
San Francisco was the most extensive  
ever given to anybody on the Pacific  
coast. The General declined to discuss  
political matters.

A Western paper epigrammatically de-  
fines the "Liberal" movement to be a  
scheme to allow burglars to go unpun-  
ished, and then give them the things  
they would have stolen.

The old exploded story that George  
Washington was born in England is  
once more being started by the British  
journals. The locality is said to have  
been Berkshire, nineteen miles from  
Windsor.

Tom Scott says that the development  
of American iron is yet in its infancy.  
If he should dare to make such a remark  
as that about the development of Amer-  
ican "brass," he would be at once "set  
down as an ass."

Chinese papers report that the tea  
crop does not come up to the first ex-  
pectations of it. It had been thought  
that it would be largely in excess of last  
year; instead of which, the shipments  
have thus far fallen considerably below.

## Adventures of an Engine- Driver.

I do not think I ever felt prouder in  
my life than I did one morning when  
Job P. Slogger, our locomotive "boss,"  
accosted me as I was making ready the  
"Milwaukee" to take the "through"  
train westward.

Well, George," said he, "heard the  
news? Guess not, eh? You ain't got  
to run this route again!"

I turned pale, fearing I had got into  
some scrape; but I only said, "Why,  
sir?"

"Why," he repeated, smiling at my  
scared looks, "because you are put up  
in Abel's place. You feel kinder spry,  
I reckon."

I did not feel "kinder spry," for Abel,  
a first-rate hand, had just been promot-  
ed with a handsome douceur, for gallant  
conduct upon a certain occasion. I was  
his companion on that occasion; and as  
the adventure was the cause of my be-  
ing made an engine-driver, I will, with  
your permission, proceed to relate it  
without further preface.

Soon after my arrival in the States I  
succeeded in obtaining a situation as  
fireman on one of the trunk lines. Af-  
ter a time I became associated with  
Abel Storer, who had the reputation of  
being a first-class engine-driver, though  
he was to my taste a little too reckless;  
and when "in liquor" nothing daunted  
him. From Abel I heard many tales  
respecting the encounters he had had  
with "white Injuns," as he denominated  
certain filibustering gentlemen who  
had a playful habit of disguising them-  
selves as native Indians, and carrying off  
any ammunition contained in the wagons.  
At times, indeed, I believe, they did not  
hesitate to commit the most dreadful  
outrages under the guise of the war paint.

One morning, about two months after  
my having been appointed fireman, we  
got orders to take a train down to Lan-  
derville. Abel was accordingly in great  
hopes of shooting some "Injuns," and  
provided himself with a quantity of am-  
munition for his six-shooter. I, who  
was more skeptical, neglected this pre-  
caution. We started, however, having  
a quantity of specie in boxes, some val-  
uable stores, and a mixed cargo of "no-  
tions" in our charge. We had received  
instructions to shut at Bunkum City  
for a faster train of passengers, and then  
(if it had not previously run into us) to  
assist it up the steep incline at that  
place, our train being subsequently help-  
ed up by the other locomotive.

We arrived at Bunkum Sliding in  
safety about 5 o'clock, and hearing  
nothing of the following train, replen-  
ished the engine, and then proceeded to  
look for some food for ourselves. We  
pitched upon a small store, where we  
managed to procure food and some of  
the most fiery stuff (miscalled whisky)  
that I ever tasted. Abel drank it greedily,  
however, while I devoted myself to  
the food. We were on the eve of de-  
parture as two rough looking fellows en-  
tered and demanded liquor, "taking  
stock" of us as they swaggered about.  
Seeing that Abel was becoming more  
intoxicated, and recollecting that the  
passenger train must be due, I attempt-  
ed to remove him, but one of the stran-  
gers stepping forward, requested us to  
"liquor up" before we started. Abel  
grunted a drunken assent, and I, not  
daring to refuse, sat down while the  
drink was being prepared. During the  
concoction of the "reviver," Abel kept  
wandering aimlessly about, swaying  
recklessly against the tables, and when  
the glass was at length prepared for my  
acceptance, he lurched heavily against  
the stranger, and crashed went the tum-  
bler upon the floor, while amid a volley  
of curses I dragged the offender from the  
house, and managed to regain the en-  
gine unmolested.

Anticipating we should be followed,  
I kept Abel's revolver in readiness, but  
after a time I noticed two figures pro-  
ceeding in the direction of some log huts  
which lay some little distance down the  
line upon the left. As the strangers  
disappeared over the brow of the hill, I  
turned my attention to Abel.

To my astonishment he responded to  
my first abstractions by saying as he  
gained a sitting posture, "Darn them  
—they've gone right away!"

For a moment I stared in speechless  
surprise.

"Why, I thought you were drunk,"  
I cried, at length.

"Drunk!" he echoed, "those fellows  
would have you on your back in a coon's  
jump but for me. I knew them, the  
'Injun thieves,' they're after our specie  
my boy, as sure as shootin', but I'll tail  
'em, the varmints. Which is the specie  
wagon?"

"Number eight," I replied, wonder-  
ing.

"Off with it, and tackle it on the pas-  
senger train," cried Abel excitedly;  
"we'll fix their flints yet, by gosh!"

So we set to work with a will; but  
while we were uncoupling the wagon  
the other train arrived. Abel commu-  
nicated his suspicions to the conductor,  
and in a few moments the specie was  
safely included among the passenger cars.  
By this time the evening was closing in,  
and when we had placed the train on

the siding at the top of the incline, to  
clear the track for the passengers, I be-  
gan to hope that our fears of an attack  
were groundless.

We ran down again with steam on to  
get in the rear of the passenger train,  
and the other engine followed at a little  
distance. As our engine neared the  
points, just below the log hut I have  
mentioned, several figures rose from  
their concealment. Without warning  
of any kind, they deliberately fired at  
the engines as they passed. Surprise,  
more than fear, kept us for a moment  
inactive. But Abel quickly recovered  
himself. Shouting to me to lie down,  
he discharged two barrels at the nearest  
of our assailants. With a groan, he fell  
dead in his tracks. In a few seconds  
we had run out of range, but those up-  
on the other engine were less fortunate.  
Unarmed as they were, the driver and  
fireman could make no resistance, and  
we, as well as the passengers, who were  
now turning out to their assistance, were  
obliged to remain passive spectators.

The poor fellows were tumbled off the  
engine by their assailants, whose inten-  
tion to seize the specie wagon was now  
evident. But in this they were foiled.  
Some of the passengers, having got with-  
in range, had by this time commenced a  
pretty hot fire against the "filibusters,"  
who now found themselves in a fix, as  
Abel, reversing his engine, returned to  
the attack. Their position thus becom-  
ing untenable, they started their engine  
and ran quickly out of the range of the  
passengers' fire. But Nemesis was be-  
hind them, and seeing their maneuver  
turned on full pressure, and swore he'd  
shoot them before he slept. Now com-  
menced the most extraordinary chase I  
ever heard of.

The engine in front had a start of  
about half a mile, but we had great pow-  
er, and understood the management of  
the machine. Both locomotives were  
well supplied with wood and water.  
One of our opponents attempted to jump  
off as the speed was for a moment slack-  
ened, but he was hurled upon the line  
a bleeding mass. His terrible fate de-  
terred his companions, who increased  
their distance and disappeared over the  
brow of the hill. We followed, going  
at a terrific rate, bumping and oscillat-  
ing to such a degree upon the uneven  
track that I fancied we should run off  
the line. We kept our course, however,  
gaining slightly for a time, Abel taking  
every opportunity of sending a bullet  
through the weather-board of the retreat-  
ing engine.

As the excitement cooled a little, I  
for the first time, discovered that I had  
been "hit." A trickling of blood from  
a wound in my arm, and a numb sensa-  
tion were anything but agreeable. A  
rough bandage stopped the bleeding,  
and we were then at liberty to observe  
the chase once more. Darkness came  
on, yet there was no token of any abate-  
ment of the speed, nor any apparent  
change in our relative positions. Occa-  
sionally a defiant whistle was borne back  
to us, still on we swept through the  
night. Suddenly the red glow upon the  
track in front seemed to stop. We  
neared it rapidly.

"Dive," roared Abel, just in time.  
As he spoke two shots came whizzing  
through the glass in front, and fell  
harmless from the iron plate before us.

"A shaver that!" laughed my compan-  
ion. "But I'll be quits." As he said  
this he got out upon the frame and  
told me to lie cached.

"What on earth are you about?" I  
asked. His reply made me shudder.

"I'm going to kill them on that en-  
gin. Good by, friend." He was gone  
—creeping over the wheel casings to  
the buffer-beam.

Now determined to win, I employed  
every means to do so. We were surely  
gaining. Another log upon the already  
roaring furnace. The valve discharged  
a cloud of hissing steam, but I went on  
hurrying to destruction.

In a few minutes more the engines  
were almost touching; another shot, but  
no harm done. We bumped! A grind-  
ing noise was heard, then another bump.  
"Hurrah," I cried, or rather tried to  
cry, for my throat was so parched that  
I could scarcely utter a sound, and re-  
gardless of risk was about to join Abel,  
when a shrill noise rose beneath us, and  
the other engine shot into the darkness  
ahead. With an oath I shut off the  
steam (further progress I knew was im-  
possible with the heated machinery), and  
shouted to Abel. As soon as I  
could pull up, I jumped off and ran to  
the front. Abel had disappeared!

Gracious Heaven! Had he fallen when  
the engines touched? I began to fear  
the worst, and to call wildly in the vain  
hope he might hear, but the whisper of  
the wind was the only reply. It was  
impossible that he could have gained the  
foot-plate of the other locomotive and  
escaped instant death; had he fallen the  
engine would have killed him. Thus I  
argued, and after a time mechanically  
filled a pipe, and taking a lamp, began  
to oil the cranks. Looking at my watch,  
I found we had been running for thirty  
minutes, and at such a pace that I knew  
the up mail could not be far distant,  
and that Landerville was only a few  
miles off. So I ran gently ahead again,

and had not proceeded far when a sud-  
den "lift" of the engine nearly threw  
me down. I stopped and descended.  
At the side of the track lay a body hor-  
ribly disfigured. The cow-catcher had  
struck him, and dragged him along. An  
indefinable sensation of fear took pos-  
session of me. Was that Abel after all?

It was too awful. I managed, how-  
ever, to turn the corpse upon its back.  
The features were indistinguishable, but  
by my lantern's light I recognized Abel's  
cap tightly clasped in the dead man's  
hand.

I staggered against the engine. The  
excitement was now over, and I was  
sobber like a child. The passengers  
in the train we had left, the up mail,  
all were forgotten, until I had reverent-  
ly placed the body upon the engine.

The silence was terrible. I persevered  
till I covered the remains of my poor  
mate as well as possible, and as I sat  
down upon the engine rail I fancied I  
heard a distinct rattle of an approach-  
ing train. I arose and listened atten-  
tively. After a pause a whistle, long  
though very faint, broke the stillness.  
I stood ready to run off occasion demand-  
ed it, when again the whistle rose, this  
time loud and clear, and after drying  
away in a long, wailing sound, sudden-  
ly ended in three sharp, quick notes.  
My heart leaped to my throat—this was  
Abel Storer's signal.

With trembling fingers I replied. In  
a few moments a dark object loomed in  
sight, and Abel's "hallo" was ringing  
in my ear. In two seconds more I was  
beside him.

"Don't ring a man's hand off," he  
cried, "I'm rather done."

"Good heavens, how did you escape?"  
I said.

"I'd a toughish bout of it," Abel re-  
plied, "but by gosh I've won."

"I fancied you were shot," said I.  
"Look here," and taking him to his  
own engine I showed him the body  
which still lay there in all its ghastly  
reality.

"Shot," he laughed, in no way affect-  
ed by the sight; no sir. That's the coon  
I pipped in the skull; he grabbed my  
cap too; I may as well have it again, I  
guess."

So saying he relieved the dusty  
head-covering from his late antagonist's  
grasp, and calmly brushing it, contin-  
ued: "Yes, you see when the engines  
closed I leaped on the step, and spotted  
this fellow at once—didn't you hear the  
shot?"

I said I had heard a noise, but fancied  
it was a steam-pipe which had given  
away.

"No," said he, "that was my first  
fire. These Injuns had but one 'errick'  
between them, and this fellow was going  
to use it in my favor, but I luckily stop-  
ped that. The other tried a knife on  
my skin, but he was soon plugged."

Then I had to go to Landerville to give  
information, and was returning for  
when I saw your head lamp, and whis-  
tled accordingly—that's all."

"Is the other unfortunate man dead?"  
I asked.

"Not he," replied Abel; "I only  
shot him in the shoulder—but he'll  
lose his arm, I reckon. We'd better be  
going, and see about the passengers now  
I think."

We then coupled the engines, and  
leaving the dead undisturbed on one,  
mounted the other. On arriving at  
Bunkum City we told our tale, the man-  
aged body of the filibuster bore grievous  
testimony, and after a detention of rather  
more than an hour, the passengers  
were dispatched on their journey. Up-  
on their return to head-quarters we were  
specially thanked, and otherwise more  
substantially rewarded. Abel was pro-  
moted to a comfortable permanent  
berth in New York city, while I was  
made an engine driver, with the highest  
scale of pay, in his stead.

What befell me in my new appoint-  
ment my readers may perhaps be inform-  
ed upon a future opportunity.

SCHOOL BOOKS.

The business of changing text-books  
in schools pays well when vigorously  
followed by a shrewd and unscrupulous  
man. He studies carefully, for exam-  
ple, the geographies of Black, White,  
Gray, Brown, and Green. He obtains  
a commission from the publishers of  
each, to introduce them at a fixed price.  
Then he approaches his first proposed  
victim. If he has already twice changed  
his geography within a year, he lets him  
alone; no wise man digs his business up  
by the roots. If not, and he finds him  
using Black, he carefully explores the  
teacher's little objections to it, and de-  
termines which to offer as a substitute:  
for it is not equally easy to get him to  
take White or Gray; one has objections  
that will resemble those of Black. But  
the agent makes a dead set against Black,  
discusses the others very candidly, and  
finally comes out for one, as far ahead  
of all the others. And so the change is  
made, and he takes his commission,  
which represents but a small part of the  
loss, pecuniary and mental, that is in-  
flicted upon the parents and the pupils.

But generally the agent is limited to  
the advocacy of a single series; it sim-  
plifies his task, requires less talent, and  
in a short time he really believes that

the book he advocates is the best. But  
in reality there is very little to choose  
between any of them, and the poorer has  
just as good a chance of being adopted  
as the best. In fact, there is not two  
per cent advantage of any one arithmetic  
over another. Adams' New Arithmetic—  
new about half a century ago, is nearly as  
good as any of its successors; Colburn's  
Mental Arithmetic, issued in 1824, is  
still preferred by many judicious teach-  
ers; children mastered the principles of  
the English language, as soon and as  
well by the aid of Lindley Murray as by  
any later book-maker; the school atlas  
of 1835 gave the pupil all the coun-  
tries, canals, and railroads of England  
and the United States, which no one  
now on sale in Boston professes; geom-  
etry has slightly improved in two thou-  
sand years, and the newest text-books  
are poorer than those of a generation  
since; our best Greek series is more than  
thirty years old, and the careful re-  
touch of that Professor Crosby is now giving  
it, amount to very little for the tyro.

This remark does not hold quite so true  
of the Latin books, and we know that  
all text-books on botany, zoology, and  
mineralogy other than Gray's Tenny's  
and Dana's are worthless. But what  
agent is ever paid for introducing these?

Meanwhile the cost of text-books bring  
the education of many a bright lad and  
lass to a premature close, and they take  
to the shop, the street, and the boudoir  
just when their education is in the milk.

Massachusetts can build a geography or  
an arithmetic for herself as perfectly as  
she can a State House or a Penitentiary.  
Let her do this.

FEMALE LIFE IN HAVANA.

After sunset the Grand Plaza is crowd-  
ed with a galaxy of beauty. It is to  
that particular place the youth and  
beauty of Havana resort, and ladies of  
darkest hue to the lightest blonde of  
the north are seated in their "volantes,"  
listening to the beautiful music of the  
Marine Band, which discourses sweet  
music every evening, or chatting with  
some young gent, or perhaps, promena-  
ing on the plaza with a lady friend,  
followed closely by her parents or her  
brother. Speaking of this anti-Ameri-  
can custom reminds me of the Caucasian  
mode of treatment to females, and  
I fancy that if Susan B. Anthony and  
her satellites of the Sorosis Club had a  
taste of Cuban life, their tongues would  
be forever sealed as to their privileges  
in the States. Ladies are absolutely  
prisoners here. To appear on the street  
without an escort, even in the day time,  
is sure to bring the hisses of a crowd,  
and perhaps an insult; the ladies of  
Havana, therefore, have to conform to  
custom—either stay in doors, or employ  
a carriage to take them, if only a few  
blocks distant, and when attending a  
party, picnic, or ball, always be accom-  
panied by their mothers. This close sys-  
tem of watching females is not produc-  
ive of good, and the result is that they  
are not as healthy and robust as they  
might be, and by close confinement their  
offspring are puny and sickly, and in a  
moral point of view it is equally disas-  
trous. If it was not for the healthy ro-  
bust Spanish ladies who emigrate here,  
this race would in a century become ex-  
tinct.

One may see here a conglomeration of  
nearly all the races known. The Chi-  
nese and African, the African and Span-  
ish, the Cuban and African, and in fact,  
every conceivable form of marriage is  
indulged in; as to the result of which I  
leave you to draw your own conclusion.

Their mode of living is equally as inter-  
esting. A lady of the island is never  
supposed to do anything but eat and  
sleep, with slaves and servants to do her  
bidding. In the morning it is first a  
bath, soap not being used, but in its